

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1902

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Calendar for April, 1902.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	High Water
1 Tuesday	5 46	6 22	4 54
2 Wednesday	4 44	5 23	5 48
3 Thursday	4 24	5 44	6 22
4 Friday	4 02	6 40	6 56
5 Saturday	3 38	7 33	7 30
6 Sunday	3 10	8 22	8 04
7 Monday	2 40	9 08	8 38
8 Tuesday	2 10	9 53	9 12
9 Wednesday	1 40	10 38	9 46
10 Thursday	1 10	11 23	10 20
11 Friday	1 40	12 08	10 54
12 Saturday	2 10	12 53	11 28
13 Sunday	2 40	1 38	12 02
14 Monday	3 10	2 23	12 36
15 Tuesday	3 40	3 08	1 10
16 Wednesday	4 10	3 53	1 44
17 Thursday	4 40	4 38	2 18
18 Friday	5 10	5 23	2 52
19 Saturday	5 40	6 08	3 26
20 Sunday	6 10	6 53	4 00
21 Monday	6 40	7 38	4 34
22 Tuesday	7 10	8 23	5 08
23 Wednesday	7 40	9 08	5 42
24 Thursday	8 10	9 53	6 16
25 Friday	8 40	10 38	6 50
26 Saturday	9 10	11 23	7 24
27 Sunday	9 40	12 08	7 58
28 Monday	10 10	12 53	8 32
29 Tuesday	10 40	1 38	9 06
30 Wednesday	11 10	2 23	9 40

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Oct. 2, 1901—301

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A Lost Train.

Truth is stranger than fiction. A despatch, dated April 2nd, tells of a train with two hundred and fifty passengers aboard, lost for four days and five nights in the snow on the North Dakota prairies, with no means of getting relief. The passengers were rioting for food, or sobbing from their sufferings with arctic cold and with the worst blizzard the Northwest has known in years.

Two of the passengers became insane from their sufferings and from want of food, and one, a professor in the University of Washington, tried to kill himself.

The rescue was made after the passengers and train had almost abandoned hope. An electrician on the train working for an entire day, contrived to rig up a rude telegraph instrument, and, climbing a telegraph pole, he tapped the line, and, after much work, sent out an appeal for help. Meantime the storm still raged. The coaches were buried in snow over their roofs. This served to keep those inside warmer and probably prevented some of them from freezing to death. The women, huddled in blankets, crept into their berths and hugged the children close to keep them from freezing to death. The men worked hard devising means to warm the cars, and succeeded in improving stoves, in which they burned such loose timber as they could find near the train.—Catholic Universe.

"Like many other old army officers," says the Ave Maria, "the late Major-General Stanley was a convert to the Church. He was ever after a zealous Catholic. At the battle of Franklin his valor saved the day for the Union forces, and his own life was saved by a scapular which rested on the lower part of his neck in such a way as to prevent a necessarily fatal bullet-wound. One string of the scapular was cut and the other was covered with blood. General Stanley often declared that he owed his life to this pious object, which he preserved with reverent care. During the Civil War this

brave officer commanded the 4th Corp; afterwards he was head of the Department of Texas, and commander of the National Soldier's Home in Washington. General Stanley had received many military honors, and held the position of president of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland; but the distinction which he valued most was his membership in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

"We are getting a good deal of American made information nowadays about the friars in the Philippine islands, and the attitude which our government shall take toward them and their possessions," says the Michigan Catholic. "The denominational papers are in a great hurry to have them hoisted out, and it may not be amiss to discover just now what the friars are and to what strange orders of men they belong. There are in the Philippines now Jesuits, Recollects, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans and some lesser orders. The Jesuits in the Philippines are the very same class of priests who manage colleges and churches in the United States. The Recollects are of the identical order that the priests were whom we proudly claim among the founders of the city. The Augustinians are the identical class of men that our Irish fathers know as the 'friars' in Ireland. The Dominicans are priests of the same type as they who have made central Ohio blossom as a rose. The Franciscans are priests of the same rule and class as is our own apostolic delegate. Can the Eastern friars be such outlandish people when their fellows in this country, whom Americans meet day in and day out, are men of polish, humanity and piety?"

"It has been said," remarks the Catholic Record, "that fifty years hence every successful man will be a total abstainer. We believe it. We go farther and say that every young man who wants to do a man's work, just now, must be a very moderate drinker. There may be individuals with patent insides who can take their dram and yet manage to breast the tide of competition and get into a safe harbor, but they are the exceptions. The average young man who indulges in making a bid for a life's failure in whole or in part. The reason is simple. The man who succeeds today needs every ounce of vitality at his disposal. He must have a sound brain and body—which are incompatible with whisky-drinking. He must have a reserve fund of strength to draw upon for emergencies and opportunities. This, we know, is time-worn advice. But we may be pardoned for repeating it and insisting that if health is the very highest of all temporal things, and

the indispensable condition for success in any walk of life, it behooves a sensible young man to have nothing to do with alcohol, which, say scientists, is the most insidious destroyer of health and life. And so we remark, Go slow—very slow—on whisky."

In the opening words of his latest encyclical the Holy Father makes such a touching reference to his old age that it deserves to be translated literally here. "Having reached the twenty-fifth year of our apostolic ministry," he says, "and wondering ourselves at having made such a long journey amidst arduous and incessant cares, we are naturally inclined to raise our thoughts to the good God who has been placed to grant us, with so many other favors a length of pontificate scarcely equalled in history. To the Father of all, to Him who holds in His hands the secret of life, be offered them the hymn of praise as an earnest expression of the heart's desire. Human thought cannot penetrate the whole design of God in so protracted and unexpected a longevity, and we can only adore in silence, but one thing we know, and it is that it pleases Him to prolong our life still further, the exalted duty rests upon us to live for the service and the welfare of His immaculate spouse the Church, not to be discouraged by anxieties or labors, but to consecrate to her all the rest of our strength." The letter, which occupies eleven columns in Italian in the pages of the "Osservatore Romano," shows that His Holiness has not lost old vigor as a writer.

Mgr. Nolasco de Villa, O. P., formerly Archbishop of Manila, who resigned in consequence of the American occupation in the Philippines, has been made a consultant of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

Right Rev. John A. Maguire, D. D., has been appointed vicar capitular of the Archdiocese of Glasgow, pending the appointment of a successor to Archbishop Byrne.

Entirely free from religious bigotry," says the London Catholic Times, speaking of the late Cecil Rhodes, "he extended his sympathy to many Catholic undertakings, and amongst those who have benefitted by his generosity are the Catholic missionaries of Rhodesia."

The recent deaths of Cardinal Dell'Olivo, Archbishop of Benevento and cardinal Missia, Archbishop of Gorizia, have brought up to 141 the number of "porporati" who have died during Leo XIII's pontificate. Unlike some of his predecessors, the present Pope has always kept the Sacred College very nearly up to its "plenum" of seventy members, remarking, as he did in the last conclave, when no fewer than 12 new Cardinals were created, that it was best to have many candidates to choose from in the event of a conclave, which his extreme old age renders every day more probable. It is, therefore, unlikely that the present vacancies in the Sacred College will continue long unfilled. One nomination, which is spoken of as almost certain in Vatican circles, will be learned with pleasure by many English-speaking Catholics. It is that of Mgr. Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, who will most probably be raised to the purple in the next conclave. Mgr. Begin had a most cordial audience the other day with the Holy Father, who is represented as having remarked that Canada, the stronghold of Catholics in America, "remained too long without the hat to which she has a right."

Proceeding from the pulpit of the Protestant Cathedral of Glasgow, the Very Rev. Principal Story paid the following tribute to the late Archbishop Eyre: "Year by year the roll grows longer of those whom we have known among the circle of our friends and kindred; who have passed within the veil, leaving us to sorrow, but not as those who have no hope; the roll grows longer of those who, having borne, the cross, have gained the crown; who, having served their generation according to the will of God, have fallen asleep in Christ. Among such I cannot but think to-day of one to whom the very dust of the venerable house of God was dear, who knew and loved well his history, its traditions, its memories of the olden time when his predecessors ruled in it and priests of the reformed faith had served at altars which time and change have long swept away. No envy or ill will deform the gracious charity with which he saw others occupy the place which he had been taught to regard as rightfully his own, or chilled the cordiality with which he took a part like a dutiful citizen and large-hearted philanthropist in every

scheme for relieving the suffering and the needy and promoting the general welfare. A loyal son of his Church, he knew no sectarian bitterness, he advanced no idle pretensions. He was gentle, courteous, enlightened, tolerant. He never made an enemy or estranged a friend. Such memories as his are the property of all the churches; such characters are dear to all who love purity, simplicity and charity better than immoderate zeal and quarrelsome dogmatism and noisy self-assertion. For such in the many mansions of the Father's house there is ever room and welcome."

Whoever has read a plain unvarnished life of St. Francis of Assisi will not be surprised that he exercises a fascination not only over Catholics, but also over Protestants, says the "London Catholic Times." And the attractiveness of his character appears to have a greater charm year by year as time passes. The latest idea which finds favor with his admirers is the foundation of an international society for the study of Franciscan literature. Naturally Assisi is to be its head quarters, and it is to have an Italian name, the "Societa Internazionale di Studi Franciscani." M. Paul Sabatier, the distinguished editor of the "Legenda Antiquissima" and of the "Tractatus de Indulgentiis Pontificales," published by the Fischbacher in the "Collection des documents pour l'Histoire religieuse et litteraire du Moyen Age," is taking a leading part in the foundation of the society. He is receiving help not only from Catholics, especially from Father Francesco Dell'Olivo, superior of the Convent of Assisi, but also from a number of learned Protestants. We understand that amongst his keenest sympathizers in promoting this project are some clerical members of the Church of England. The intention is to compile a complete catalogue of all the Franciscan manuscripts existing in Europe, and with the aid of writers on Franciscan subjects to collect materials for a Bibliographical Dictionary for the guidance of students. Meanwhile members are being enrolled and a bureau has been estab-

lished in Assisi. The society is to be a purely scientific one, and its members are to be drawn from all parts of the world. The society is to be a purely scientific one, and its members are to be drawn from all parts of the world. The society is to be a purely scientific one, and its members are to be drawn from all parts of the world.

Every Catholic must wish well to the undertaking. What the world needs most to-day is the diffusion of the spirit of Giovanni Bernardoni, so full of love for God and man.

A Coterie of Converts.

Three men were quietly conversing in the room of one of them—a priest. The other two were respectively a wealthy merchant and an army officer who had risen from the ranks to a post of distinction by his talents and unswerving devotion to duty.

All were converts and they had been speaking of the wonderful manner in which Almighty God is pleased to turn souls to Himself.

"No doubt we could each tell a remarkable story in our own case," said the priest. "Here is the incident on which my conversion turned. During the Civil War I served in a volunteer regiment. Our colonel was a silent, reserved man, but his men adored him. He shared all their hardships and gave his life for the Lost Cause."

"I was sent one night to the colonel's tent by my own commanding officer. I knocked gently on the tent pole, but received no answer; so I ventured to lift the flap. The colonel was kneeling near his cot, a rosary in his hand. I had never seen one before and could not imagine its use. Retiring discreetly, I knocked again, and this time he replied to the summons. I mentioned the little occurrence to no one but it made a deep impression on my mind. I felt that here was indeed a good man, making no pretence of phylacteries and palm-leaf singing, but carrying his religion in his heart, as his whole conduct made manifest. Later, when I lay wounded in the hospital, I grew familiar with the use of the rosary through the Sisters who were ministering angels. And so I eventually became a Catholic."

"My experience," said the merchant, "was somewhat similar. While I was in the establishment of L— & T—, I was sent one morning to take some samples of lace for approval to the rooms of a celebrated singer. Some one was with her when I arrived, and, opening a door leading into a small anteroom, she bid me wait until she should be at leisure. There I found a small table on which stood an ivory oryx and an exquisite silver statue of the Blessed Virgin. In a tiny globe of amethyst glass a light was burning. Always a lover of beautiful things, I approached nearer to examine these works of art—when the singer entered.

"Ah! I see you are admiring my little crucifix and statue. Are they not beautiful? They were given to

me by the Empress of Austria. "A little shyly, for I was not more than eighteen, I replied: "They are very nice, Madam. But why, if it is not impertinent, do you have the light burning on the table?"

"Because this is my little oratory."

"What is an oratory?" I asked.

"Oh! she said in some surprise. "I forgot that you may not be a Catholic. It is a place in which one prays."

"And you pray here?"

"Seldom—every night and morning, and very often when I am worried or perplexed. Never do I leave this room for the opera house but I kneel for a moment before Christ and His Blessed Mother, that my work may be blessed."

"There was no trace of egotism or self-laudation in her words: she was simplicity itself; and of so charming and gracious a personality that I still carry the memory in my old heart." The following Sunday she sang at the oratory. I went that very day to a Catholic church for the first time, but it had little more to offer.

"My story is quite curious also," said the army man, of going about to different churches, rather for the social features than from any religious motives. My piety was not at all increased by these various experiences. I had but little faith in the sincerity of most people whom I met under those circumstances. But against one church—the Catholic—I had even an inveterate prejudice. From my youth I had heard stories of the idolatry and superstition of its members.

"I was passing a Catholic church in Norfolk, Virginia. It suddenly began to rain: I had no umbrella and ran up into the vestibule of the church. As I stood there waiting for the rain to cease, the clouds grew darker, and I began to feel rather chilly and uncomfortable. Through the inner door came the sound of sacred music, of which I have always been passionately fond. I entered and went into a pew and began to look around me. It was at the moment of the Elevation: every head was bowed,—one could almost feel the silence.

"An indescribable emotion took possession of me. I realized fully that was piety, here was prayer. Later I lingered in my place near the door, watching the congregation quietly and reverently disperse. When I left the church everyone had departed. The rain was over; fresh and green were the trees and grass, smiling the blue sky. There was sun shine over the world and sunshine in my heart. In less than three months I was a Catholic!"

High Pressure Days.

Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more numerous. The first effect of the praiseworthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, which results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and women for these high pressure days.

Your Nose

That is what you should breathe through—not your mouth. But there may be times when your ears are so bad you can't breathe through them. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when their delicate tissues have been weakened by the scrofulous condition of the blood on which catarrh depends. Alfred E. Yings, Bozonsville, Pa., suffered from catarrh for years. His head felt bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head. After trying several catarrh specifics from which he derived no benefit, he was completely cured, according to his own statement, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleansing the blood and building up the whole system. Hood's Pills are the Sarsaparilla's ally.